

# THE PUSH-CART NOISANCE.

PICTURES SHOWING CONDITIONS ON EAST SIDE STREETS.

Street Peddlers Who Obstruct Sidewalk and Roadway Alike—Encroachments on Sidewalks in Other Parts of the Town—A Danger to Public Health. In collecting evidence against the street-peddler nuisance Street Cleaning Com-



THE SIDEWALK AT FOURTEENTH STREET AND UNIVERSITY PLACE.

missioner Woodbury has made a lot of his dripping cart, throwing fish head photographs showing how the pushcarts and offal in the gutters. He will be kept



BLOCK IN HESTER STREET.

obstruct the streets and sidewalks and screw them with rubbish. Wherever he within the boundaries of the new market, which will be opened to-morrow alongside



DRYGOODS CART UPSET IN CROWDED STREET.

## AN ARISTOCRAT OF TRAMPDOM

HE IS ABLE TO LIVE AT HIS EASE ON NOTHING A YEAR.

Arrives Here by Freight Train, Ragged and Dirty—Development of a Buttery—Free Living and Amusements for a Man Who Knows His New York.

His linen is clean, he is well bathed and well shaved, and his clothes are neat. All day long he lounges at his ease among his friends.

He reads his paper in the morning and evening. He hears good music when he so desires. Books he has in plenty whenever the reading mood is on him, and time enough to read them, and a comfortable chair to sit in.

He has few cares and never wants for the comfort of life, yet he does no work. He is the polished diplomat—the aristocrat of the world of the tramp.

Everything he gets is given to him free. He is a tramp, perhaps, but vastly different from the tramp of the humorists. He does not beg from door to door and dirt is unknown to him. He is, in fact, a gentleman of leisure on nothing a year.

It takes a keen wit and a thorough knowledge of the city to do this, but it can be done. It simply requires a well-planned campaign of which a dozen or more charitable institutions are made the victims.

The aristocrat of trampdom reaches the city late in the afternoon. He has been travelling all day on a freight train and his face and linen are grimy and soot-covered and his coat is torn. He is hungry, too, and a four or five days' growth of beard makes him seem like anything but the prosperous-looking gentleman he will soon become.

First of all, he makes for Fourteenth street, if he lands in New York. He can work his game longest in the metropolis, although he spends several weeks of each year in Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg and a few other cities.

On Fourteenth street is the national headquarters of the Salvation Army, the tramp's objective point. He studies in about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

With consummate art he assumes the air of a man very tired, very hungry and very much the victim of a cruel world. He always wears worn-out clothes. He is going to start right out in the morning and looks for a place, but he has just come to town and has not had time to do anything as yet.

Meanwhile he is hungry and does not know where to sleep. He has no money and no friends. What is he to do?

took one of these pictures he caused an examination to be made of the refuse in the gutters and each examination revealed bacilli in large colonies.

These pictures in themselves make an effective argument against the street peddler. He has doubled in numbers in two years and unless something is done to stop him he will multiply in two years more that he will overrun New York.

Thanks to Commissioner Woodbury the fish peddler is about to disappear. He can no longer go through the streets with

the approach to the new East River bridge. But his fellows who peddle fruit and vegetables, to do business elsewhere. One picture, which Commissioner Wood-

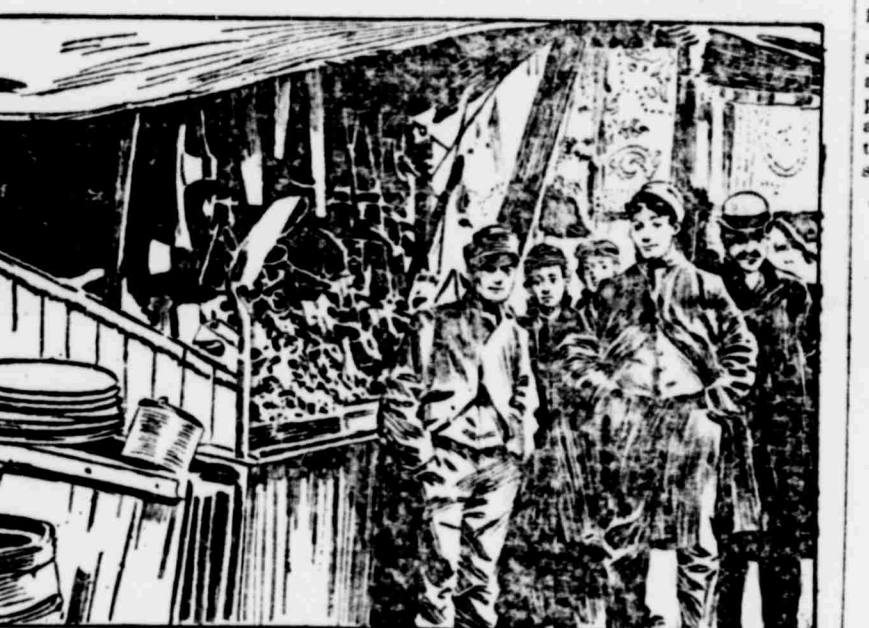


SIDEWALK AND STREET SEIZED BY PEDDLERS.

tables, and their number is in the thousands, bury took at Essex and Hester streets, shows how both curbs are occupied by the



SIDEWALK APPROPRIATED BY WHOLESALE DEALERS.



HARDWARE STORE BUILT ON SIDEWALK.

the East Side until a market place is provided for them and they are forbidden by peddlers with carts, barrows and stands, selling vegetables, clothing and notions

Such a spectacle as this must be held as a disgrace to the city no matter in what part of it it may be.

How the pushcart obstructs traffic on the East Side streets is demonstrated in a picture made in Hester street, between Norfolk and Essex streets. Both sides of the street are so crowded with the peddlers' wares that the ordinary traffic has come to a halt.

It isn't only on the carts that the peddlers set out their wares. Some of the pictures show that where the pushcart men have occupied the whole curb line other stands have been constructed temporarily on the walk and along the stoop line on houses and barrels so that the sidewalk is so filled with obstructions that pedestrians can hardly thread their way through.

What is declared to be a clear violation of law is pictured at Mulberry and Canal streets. The sidewalk is occupied by a stand from which fruits, nuts, cigars, cigarettes and tobacco are sold. The Italian who runs this stand paid \$45 for the privilege of locating there, and pays a



CURB MARKET AT ESSEX AND HESTER STREETS.

rental of \$25 a month to the owner of the corner building, who, it is asserted, has no more right to lease that privilege than a man in Harlem has. The Italian takes out no license. Such privileges as these have been made the basis of blackmail in some cases under some municipal administrations in New York.

The men who sell to the pushcart men are responsible for another phase of the nuisance. A wholesale dealer in apples, oranges, lemons, &c., at Hester and Ludlow streets occupies the sidewalk most of the time in his traffic with the peddlers.

He sells to them from his boxes and barrels right at the curb. The sidewalk is impassable at all times and many barrels of spoiled fruit are cast into the streets by the peddlers in sorting their purchases.

A hardware store has been put up in the street at the northeast corner of Ludlow and Hester streets. The man who runs it pays \$12 a month rent to the owner of the adjoining building, who assumes to rent the privilege. This is an unlawful obstruction, as much so as if it was built out



TRAFFIC HELD UP IN ESSEX STREET.



ENCROACHMENT AT SIXTH AVENUE AND FOURTEENTH STREET.

into Broadway from the side of the Boman House.

Such invasions of the public thoroughfares are not confined to the tenement districts of the East Side. Commissioner Woodbury went up to Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street, where he found a stand which is licensed to sell newspapers and periodicals. Here under a canopy, which is a fruit and nut stand and is much in the way of people at that busy crossing.

The man who runs the fruit stand adjoining the building at the southeast corner of University place and Fourteenth street has taken possession of the curb at the corner as well and there has built a stand where he deals in fruit, pretzels and other foods. The privilege is granted by the owner of the corner saloon. Further encroachments on the street are an outdoor bootblack stand and one within a booth.

The congestion of traffic caused by the pushcarts is again shown in a view of Livingston street, near Willet. The mass of carts was so great that a coal wagon



AT MULBERRY AND CANAL STREETS.

could not make its way through and in trying to do so upset a dry goods pushcart. The crowd of buyers has blocked the sidewalk.

A photograph at Essex and Hester streets shows where the dense crowd of pushcart men and their patrons has so occupied the street that the police have to straighten out the tangle to clear a path for the horse car. Pushcarts on which many arms have been fastened to hold pieces of clothing like the market being crowded, are offered for sale occupied as much space as a two-horse dray would. To get one of these peddlers to move his cart to permit a freer movement of traffic in the street takes the threatening club of the policeman, for once a good location for trade has been selected the pushcart man is content to stay there all day and evening.

This is one of the important authorities of the Commission. Commissioner Woodbury can get the aid of the other municipal authorities. He will have all these peddlers in their proper place before the summer is over. Public markets, he declares, are the solution of the problem of clean streets and sanitary conditions.

## THE SMACKS OF GLOUCESTER.

TYPES OF THE FLYERS THAT GO TO THE FISHING BANKS.

No Boat Afloat Can Outsell Them. Their Owners Boast—Haves for the Market—Daring of the Fishermen in Carrying Sail-Life at the Banks.

When the fishing fleets of Gloucester went out to get this year's Lenten food supply, the smacks scudded through snow squalls and sleet storms to reach the fishing grounds of the Georges and the Grand Banks. Except for the fishery of mid-winter, the early spring fishery is the stormiest of the year, and every spring the watchers at the Heads see smacks return with colors at half-mast. Easter is sure to be a time of mourning instead of rejoicing for at least a few of Gloucester's families.

The hazard deters none. Every season the vessels race to the far off shore grounds as if they were yachts racing in summer breezes for a cup.

Five racers are these sloops and schooners. "Clap on! Clap on!" is the motto, coming and going. When men in cities are holding on to their hats and women are struggling with their skirts in March blasts, the fishermen heading toward the great waters are holding on, too—holding on to all the sail that they can carry and letting their drive through the green of it.

Great is the laughter of crews when a skipper takes in more canvas than they consider necessary, mighty is the pride of the crew whose vessel paces the rest and manages to be at anchor over the grounds by the time the beaten ones fly in.

When a landsman goes in a smack to the offshore grounds he experiences a curious change of feeling before he has been out long. He expects at first to adjust his mind to the conditions of life on a lonely sea. He discovers, instead, that the Bank fishermen have all the neighborly interest and the gossip of a village.

"The Sarah Jane must 'a' been afraid of gettin' her feet wet," cries a wag in a dory. "We see her feedin' around under double reefs tryin' to pick out the smooth spots."

The village larks the suggestion and by night the Sarah Jane and her crew have been labelled with a joke that will stick to them until another victim arrives.

A green hand on his first trip will be hailed by somebody every time he sticks his head above decks with a "Say, Bill, watch out and tell us when the baker's wagon comes along," or "Bill, would you mind runnin' down to the corner and gettin' us a paper

of fine cut?" until Bill becomes acclimated.

The set of the sails of a smack, new additions to her crew, new paint on her sides—all are talked over from vessel to vessel in the same matter-of-fact way in which men discuss one another's houses on land.

Though they are anchored far apart for safety's sake, and though the grounds are so great that the vessels anchored at the opposite outer limits of the fleet cannot see one another, communication between the crews is wonderfully quick and complete. The men have become accustomed to understand shouts that are not even audible to a landsman.

The motion of a hand on a smack a mile away is not only seen at once, but interpreted unerringly. Simple gestures, such as holding up both hands or erecting an ear, all convey a direct message that is never misinterpreted or overlooked.

So the men on a smack at one end of the big fishing line seem to know always how the smack at the other end is faring. Keen as the race to the grounds is, the race to lead first with fish and run for home is keener. The men watch one another like hawks and if a smack gets its dories over a particularly good ground, the others move in on her silently, cunningly, in the night to share her luck.

So, too, when the smacks return to port. The crews that get home first are expected to bring back the news of all the rest.

"Will the Mary Lancaster be in soon?" asks a part owner.

"When we left 'er on the 12th of March, she was three-quarters full and doin' well. She ought to be in in four days," answers the skipper.

"Jack seeds his love and says to tell you they'll be in before the week's out," shouts a fisherman to a woman waiting on the wharf.

But the first question that the returning fishermen ask is as to the condition of the market. Gloucester is a fishing town and there is bitter fighting between the dealers and the sharp dealers on the Long Wharf in New York. Nowhere in New England are there more anxious and sometimes dramatic instances of typical Yankee shrewdness than in the fight for the best prices in the fish market.

It is this fight for the cream of the market that has done most to evolve the present type of flyers that distinguish the beautiful Gloucester fleet. A Gloucester man will maintain at any time that no boat afloat can out sail a Gloucester man and he has abundant reason for his faith.

Men will point out a half dozen craft in Gloucester any time that they are ready to back against the fastest yachts that ever flew in all ocean race. In a run, say from Gloucester Harbor to the North Sea, or a similar little game in the worst of seasons. The typical Gloucester fisherman is not only as fast as a yacht, in weather so wicked that a yacht is as useless as a stick of wood. The Gloucester vessel will spread an amazing area of sail and stand out for the Banks in a perfectly matter-of-fact way.

A true Gloucester smack, built for cod fishing and the winter frozen herring trade, is from 60 to 125 feet long. A craft like the John J. Fishery, one of Gloucester's best, which is 122 feet over all, will have a

beam of 25 feet. She draws from 11½ to 12½ feet of water and carries a mainmast 75 feet high with a foremast 65 to 66 feet. The foremast is from 35 to 40 feet and the mainmast from 25 to 30 feet. The vessel is built with special view to being easy to anchor in a heavy sea.

This is one of the important authorities of the Commission. Gloucester fishing craft, for practically all their fishing is done from dories and the smacks lie at anchor throughout, except when the weather is so rough that they are forced to come in. The smaller vessels often run out with the dories and help to set or haul trawls.

The big Grand Banks schooners carry immense cargoes. The Fishery carries 2,500 barrels for herring and on her first trip she loaded 600,000 pounds of codfish.

The other leading type of Gloucester boat is the market fishing smack. None is of the knockabout form, a model that is comparatively new, having been used first about ten years ago.

It was evolved at first as a result of the arrival of the early knockabout boat at the Banks was the signal for a good deal of protest and a fight with the fishermen, and the life of her crew was made miserable by offers of assistance in case the water got rough or the winds began to blow.

But the men on the smacks were not to be so easily frightened. They had long known the new vessels were built on her lines.

The typical market fishing schooner is such a craft as the Fishery, with 110 feet length over all, 38 feet on the water line, 23 feet beam, and masts almost as long as those of the bigger Grand Banks schooners. Those of the Fishery, for instance, being only 8 feet shorter than the masts of the big Fishery.

Different from both types in detail, but similar to them in seaworthiness, swiftness and beauty of outline, is the market fishing schooner, which usually is built to follow the business of selling herring in the summer and the frozen herring trade in the winter. Her deck is so designed that in addition to rested dories, she can carry a forty-foot seine boat, a dory and stow the seine away there.

The amount of appliances carried by a fishing vessel is something. For every trip the smack is crisscrossed with rigging and tackle of all kinds to furnish a tackle store, for the vessels have only themselves to depend on for from four weeks to three months of service.

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